**ILLUSTRATED TALES TO BEWITCH & BEDEVIL YOU** VAMPI #11 MAY / 71 A WARREN MAGAZINE PDC 60¢ Beware the epidemic of...



## A MANAGERA

EDITOR and PUBLISHER: JAMES WARREN ASSOCIATE EDITOR: ARCHIE GOODWIN CONTRIBUTING EDITOR: NICOLA CUTI COVER: FRANK FRAZETTA

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SANHO KIM, L. M. ROCA, TOM SUTTON

WRITERS THIS ISSUE: NICOLA CUTI, ARCHIE GOODWIN, LARRY HERDON,

SANHO KIM, BUDDY SAUNDERS, STEVE SKEATES, TOM SUTTON



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# NOW THAT HE'S TAKEN CARE OF, I CAN GET ON WITH THE BUSINESS AT HAND...

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### PRISONER IN THE POOL

A fright-fable of ancient Greece, when men shared the earth with creatures of fearful legend

### SHE'LL NEVER LEARN

Love in bloom . . . with blossoms of terror!

### GREEN PLAGUE

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Recently I've become very optimistic about your fine magazine. The letters columns, however, often makes me feel the opposite. True there are some very articulate letters, but the influence of juvenile critics is all too obvious. Tom Detoro (Vampi's Scarlet Letters #9) claimed to speak for the older readers. HE DOES NOT SPEAK FOR ME! He implies we older fans love those stale, hackneyed stories in which the monster is always victorious. Too often we are held captive to a "shock" ending that leaves us yawning in suspense. I don't mind if evil triumph's or if good and evil are both destroyed. But when I can quess the ending by the second page, that's bad. The latest 'anti-Sci-Fi' campaign disturbs me a lot. I love every form of fantastifications. I thank fantastifications. Mark Ray and you for bringing up the matter of the plagiarized story in the fan page of an earlier issue. I didn't catch it because I seldom read those pages. Perhaps Teal didn't know any better. As for issue #9, the cover was good, but please don't break it up into two different pictures anymore. Once is original, twice sloppy. Everything inside was good except Wehrle's art, Glut's and Fellner's stories. Also, print "Feary Tales" in color from now on. One other thing, correct the misspelled words in the stories . . . they're distracting.

DAVE BILLMAN Norton, Ohio

Thanks a lot for letting us try our hand at drawing you. You are so beautiful and I think you are just perfect as a model for sketching. Hope you don't mind the nude pic-

### "'THE CURSE' by Wally Wood was SENSATIONAL!"

ture of you I made. Please try to print one of the pictures and my letter (but don't print either of the pictures of you in the nude).
TERRY VERMANDE

So. Bend, Ind.

drawings, Terry. And if there was one of me in the nude, I'm glad I didn't.

When are you going to bring out posters? I'm especially thinking of one by Frank Frazetta. Also, when are you going to publish another mag like Vampirella? Something like; Satana, Cruella or Skulla even? Issue #7 of Vampirella was average, but then came issue #8 which was much better. And now, in front of me lies #9. It is FANTASTIC! Seeing the masterpiece of art by Wally Wood in "The Curse" gave me goose pimples. He's my favorite artist. Please have him draw many more stories for you. I have very little of his work, as in Holland, American comics are almost non-existent. Barry Smith's artwork in "The Boy Who Loved Tree's" was outstanding. Your magazine and the people who make them are great. But the mags could sell greater still. (See Tom Detoro's letter Vampirella #9.) One small thing I would like to add to his comments: Could you print the names and addresses of the letter writers so that correspondence between readers becomes possible.

PETER JOB Utrecht, Holland

Printing the names and addresses in full of our letter writers are now being considered, Pete. Also, I'm negotiating the cost of printing a full size color poster of my-self. It'll be quite expensive and would probably result in raising the price of the mag-

I am writing in response to issue #9. The art in the story of "Vampirella" was terrific! The art in the story "Fates Cold Finger" was good also. "The Curse" and "The Work Orders For The Day" was good too. I was disappointed in the art of "Monster Bait" It was terrible. The art in "Jack The Ripper Strikes Again" was bad and so was the story. Seems as though I've seen it somewhere before. Keep Tom Sutton working on the Vampi stories. He's great. Lastly, I'm mad. Good and mad! Because you raised the price of your mag-azine from 50c to 60c. Why did you do that? Is the price going up any higher?

LANCE ADKINS

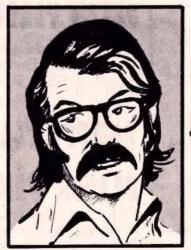
Houston, Texas

Certainly will try to keep the price down and Sutton working. Lance, I'm answering you, as well as many other fans who've asked that question. We've been deluged with mail, and hundreds are still pouring in requesting a full color poster of myself which may result in the price of the magazine going up. It'll just have to be one or the other . . . full color poster with the price going up, or no poster and the same price for awhile, That's the latest

I think the artists that draw for your magazine are just so talented. By the way, where do you get those stories? And by all means, where did you get that snazzy outfit? Seems like you'd freeze to death in such scant clad!

PAM PRESNELL Mineral Wells, Tex.

First of all, Pam, the writers of my magazine (all 25 to 50 of them, I lose count) can come up with a dozen or so adventures that have happened to me. But so far, Archie Goodwin is the current light of my life . . . (story writing, that is). As for my scant outfit, it was designed by none other than F. F. himself. Finally, with so many talented men around, who has time to freeze? By the way, pam . . . is that a drawing of yourself on the fan pages of this issue?



The above sketch of Vampi's current flame is non other than the authoritarian of Vampirella's adventures, Archie Goodwin.



A scene from THE CURSE. written and illustrated by Wally Wood.

Hey, Vampi #9 was more like it! Wally Wood's story was an amazing piece of artwork! With more strips like "The Curse", you'll really be the tops in the illustrated horror field. Just one thing bothes me . . . how come Wally didn't give his rendition of our sexy, beautiful hostess, namely . . . you, Vampi? I won't rest in my tomb until I find out the answer to this haunting ques-

**RUDY RANKINS** Houson, Texas

Wally wasn't aware of which magazine his story would appear, and when he found out it was to be in one of my issues, I wouldn't stand for him not rendering me equally as well, or better than that sex-pot Zara. So I had Frank Frazetta let us use one of his renderings for the top of the splash panel and at the end of "The Curse". That Zara . . . umph! Serves her right for being so sexy looking.

### "When are Vampirella posters coming out?"

Issue #9 was great! And Vampi, you were the one who made it great. You'd better watch out for Van Helsing and Adam, or you'll be in a coffen with a stake through your heart. Tom Sutton draws you so well. I get a mental picture of you being so beautiful in real life, and I'll bet you are. I wish when I grow older I become as beautiful as you are. What is your secret for attracting so many males? I must have it, because at the present, I'm so lonely without boys. What girl isn't at my age? Vampi, I must tell you, I just loved that FEARY TALE about 'LILITH', the first vampirest. Nick Cuti sure knows how to dream up good stories. I wish there would be a full length story about Lilith, because it was so interesting but too short. Please try to get him to write a whole story about her and maybe you to, Vampi. I'm only nine Incidently, years old.

> JONI STANLEY Anderson, Ind.

Thank you for your very lovely compliments, Joni. As for Nick Cuti writing a full length story of Lilith, well . . . I hear from very informed sources, it's in the works. Look for it soon. By the way, Joni, (and you other fans out there) who would you suggest to do the artwork?

I'm in the navy and I get a chance to read quite a few comic books. But after reading only one of your illustrated horror magazines, I was hooked. I have never seen such superb writing and artwork in any of the other comics I've read. Vampirella is one of the sexiest looking creatures I have ever seen in any of the comics of this type. How do you get away with it? Plus, mostly all of your stories have a good plot combined with knowledgable background material from obviously very talented and adept writers. However, I would like to see your mag in color. I think it would give the stories a little more lifelike reality. As mentioned before, after reading only one issue, I dug it so much, I sent in for a subscription. How's that for an expression of appreciation?

AN, GARY E. COZART San Antonio, Tex.

That's groovy, Gary.



The above is a drawing of Vampirella by Frank Frazetta, which R. Stone of Houston, Tex., says resembles his secretary Linda. We sure would like to see a rendering of Linda.

It frightens me!!! The incredible resemblance of Vampirella (as drawn by Frank Frazetta) to my 22-year old secretary Linda! A "loner" from some unhappy past, she has the same nose, mouth, facial shape and green cat eyes as Vampirella. Linda also has long flowing jet black hair all the way down her shapely back (37-23-35) and the same utter disregard for clothing. She too is intriged by the resemblence to you Vampi. Enough about Linda now, and on to Zara, the essence of feminine beauty captured by Wally Wood in the story "The Curse" (Vampirella #9). Congratulations on another fine issue.

R. STONE Houston, Texas

l would like to see my look-alike. Why not send a full figure photo of Linda. The crew around the Warren offices are working on an idea that may prove interesting to our many readers.

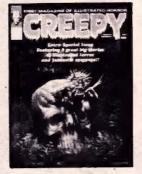


Let us hear from you! All comments are wanted! Address your mail to:

### SCARLET LETTERS

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PROLOGUE: It is called the NETHER-VOID; IT EXISTS SOMEWHERE BEYOND SPACE, BEYOND TIME; IT IS A PLACE OF EXILE. FOR IN A TIME BEYOND HISTORY, EARTH WAS A BATTLEGROUND BETWEEN THE FORCES OF GOOD AND EVIL, ORDER AND CHAOS ... AND THE MAD GOD, CHAOS, WITH HIS SEVEN DEMON SERVANTS, WAS DEFEATED AND CAST OUT ... CAST OUT TO NETHER-VOID. HERE THEY LURK, AND WAIT, AND GAIN STRENGTH ... AND SOMETIMES, REACH OUT TO TOUCH THE MINDS AND DREAMS OF HUMAN-KIND. OR EVEN THOSE OF DIFFERENT KIN; SUCH AS THE GIRL CALLED ...



ART BY TOM SUTTON/STORY BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

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STORY D. ARCHIE GOODWIN

41岁00

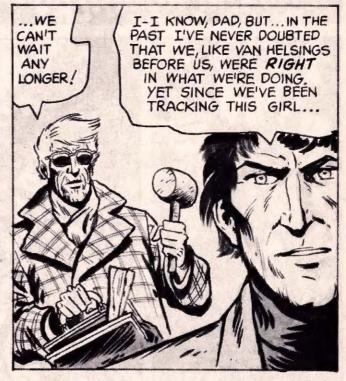
VAMPIRELLA # 11 TITLE CARNIVAL OF THE DAMINED

DEMOGORGON, PURSAN, ZABULON, ASMODEUS, MOLOCH, VALEFAR, NUBERUS, SEVEN NAMES FOR SEVEN DEMONS, KNOWN TO VAMPIRELLA FROM THE STRANGE BOOK SHE WAS READING BEFORE DRIFTING INTO SLEEP, THEY NOW ECHO IN HER MIND IN ACCOMPANIMENT WITH THE MENACING, HALF-SEEN SHAPES MOVING THROUGH HER DREAMS...



AND GRIPPED BY NIGHTMARE MENACE, THE GIRL FROM THE DISTANT, DOOMED PLANET OF DRAKULON IS LULLED TO DANGER MORE IMMEDIATE, AND, FOR NOW, MORE REAL...





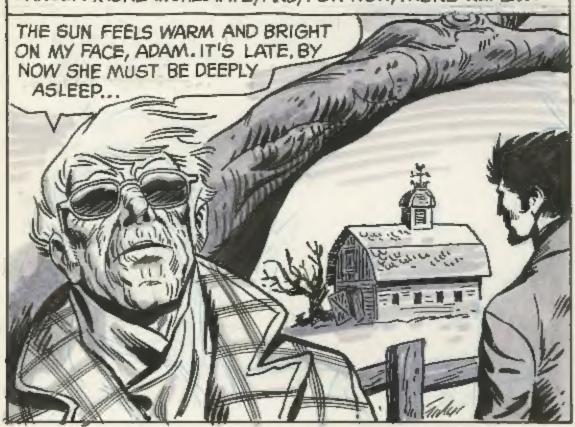


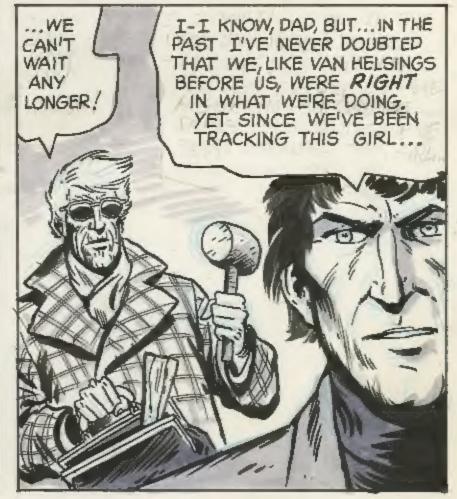


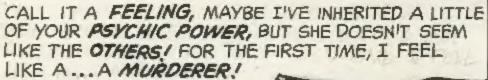
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EVEN THOUGH WE KNOW SHE PREYED ON YOUR OWN UNCLE, MY BROTHER, ADAM? FED ON HIS LIFEBLOOD LIKE EVERY OTHER CREATURE OF THE NIGHT WE'VE HUNTED?





















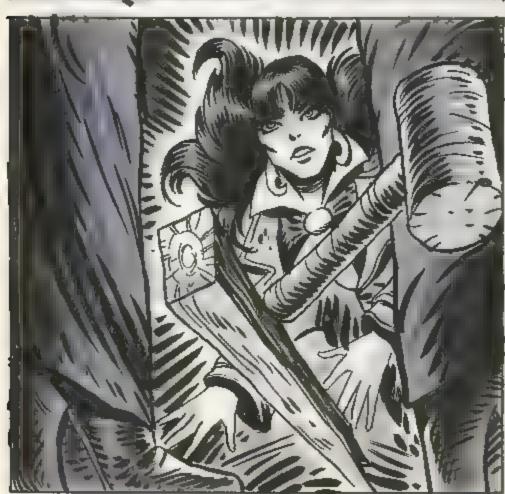














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Now leave adam and conrad van Helsing. Let the long day pags. Move on to night and a windswept midwestern plain, a place touched permanently by autumn as the world around it turns to spring. Here a straggling few are drawn; the curious, the bored, the discontent... Drawn toward the lights, the noises, the seedy promise of diversion a carnival gives, even this...

### CARNINAL THE DAMNED!









Now leave adam and conrad van Helsing. Let the long day pass. Move on to night and a windswept Midwestern plain, a place touched permanently by autumn as the world around it turns to spring. Here a straggling few are drawn; the curious, the bored, the discontent...Drawn toward the lights, the noises, the seedy promise of diversion a carnival gives, even this...

# CARNINAL THE DAMNED!



70-9

. 1.54

IT SEEMS LIKE ANY CARNIVAL BUT UP CLOSE ITS SAGGING TENTS ARE PATCHED AND THREADBARE; ITS BANNERS TORN, FADED, UNREPAIRED...



MERRY-GO-ROUND ANIMALS STAND WITH GLASS EYES LOST, PAINT LONG PEELING; DECAYING STEEDS CONDEMNED TO THEIR ENDLESS RIDE...



RUST EATS AT THE WIRES AND STRUTS OF THE FERRIS WHEEL, MAKING ITS COBWEB-LACED SEATS SHRIEK SOFTLY WHEN TOUCHED BY THE WIND...



EVEN THE FAMILIAR MARCHES PLAYED BY THE CALLIOPE ARE IN A STRANGE AND MOURNFUL KEY, RISING DIRGE-LIKE INTO THE NIGHT...



THE PITCHMEN STAND SILENT, UNSMILING, NO WANDERER ON THE MIDWAY IS URGED TO THROW THE BALL IS CAJOLED TO SPIN THE WHEEL...



T SEEMS LIKE ANY CARNIVAL, BUT SOMETHING HAS BEEN TORN FROM ITS CORE, STOP. LISTEN. THERE IS NO GAIETY; THERE IS NO LAUGHTER...





T SEEMS LIKE ANY CARNIVAL BUT UP CLOSE ITS SAGGING TENTS ARE PATCHED AND THREADBARE; ITS BANNERS TORN, FADED, UNREPAIRED...



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IT SEEMS LIKE ANY CARNIVAL, BUT SOMETHING HAS BEEN TORN FROM ITS CORE, STOP. LISTEN. THERE IS NO GAIETY; THERE IS NO LAUGHTER...



EXCEPT IN THE TENT BEHIND THE MIDWAY'S BIGGEST ATTRACTION.

BRAVO.' A NEW SEASON
ABOUT TO START...AND
THE GREAT PENDRAGON
AT THE PEAK OF HIS SKILLS.'

P10

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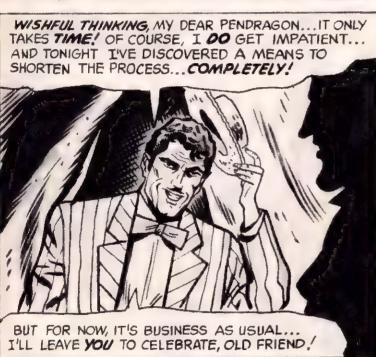


THE BOOK!
YOU'VE BROUGHT

HIM THAT

DAMNED BOOK!

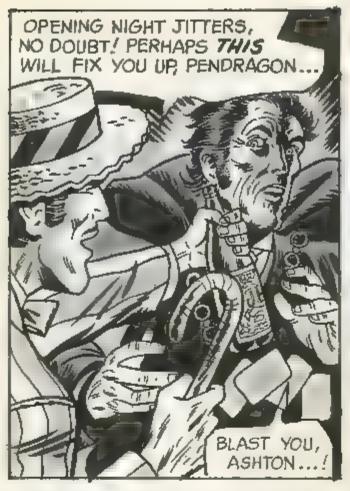






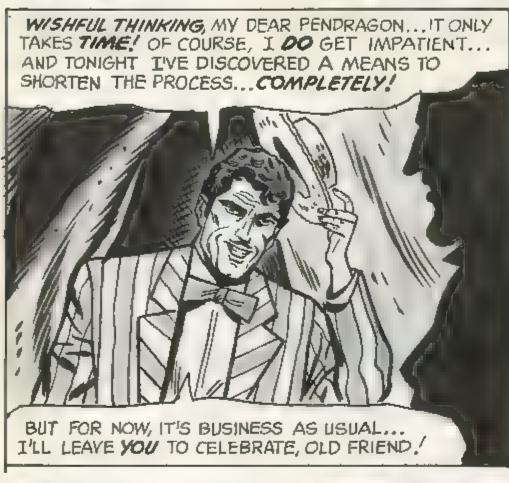
















JUST ENTERED THE MIDWAY THAT I'M TRYING TO AVOID!
IF YOU COULD LET ME STAY HERE JUST A FEW MIN--

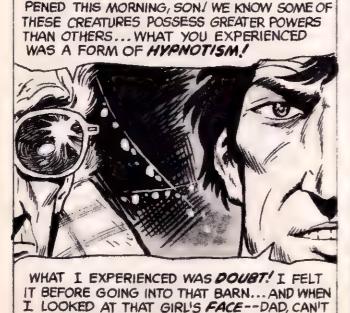
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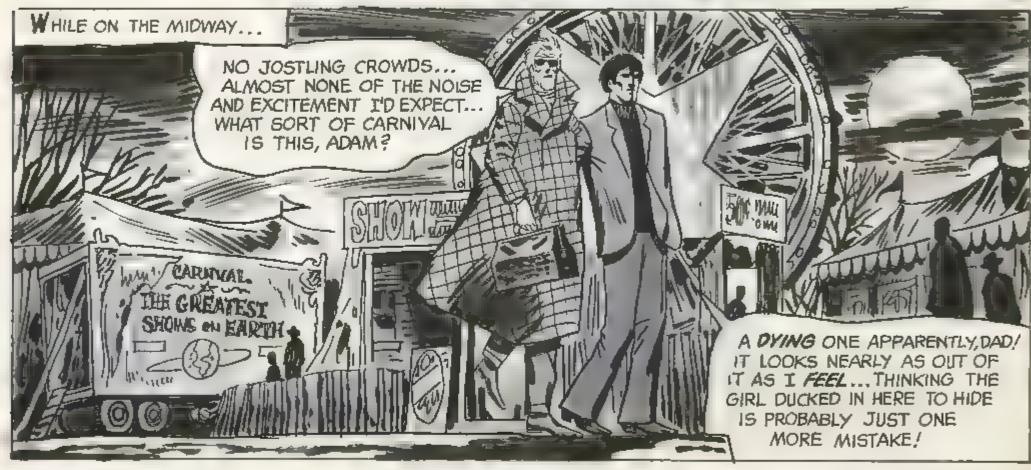
WE STOP THIS HUNT? RETHINK WHAT WE'RE DOING ...?

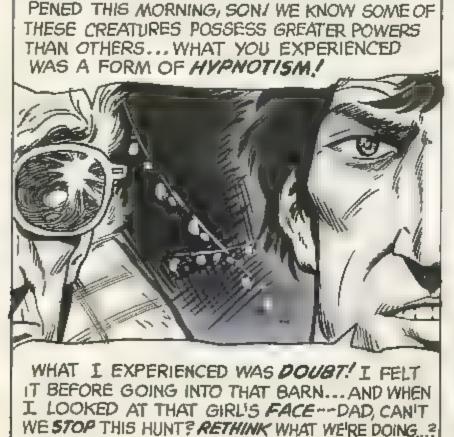
YOU'RE MAKING TOO MUCH OF WHAT HAP-











YOU'RE MAKING TOO MUCH OF WHAT HAP-



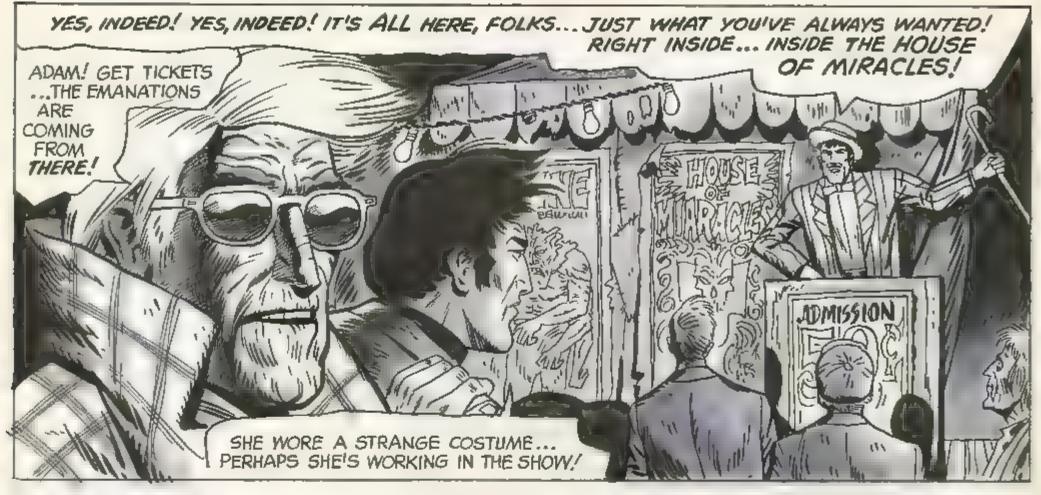


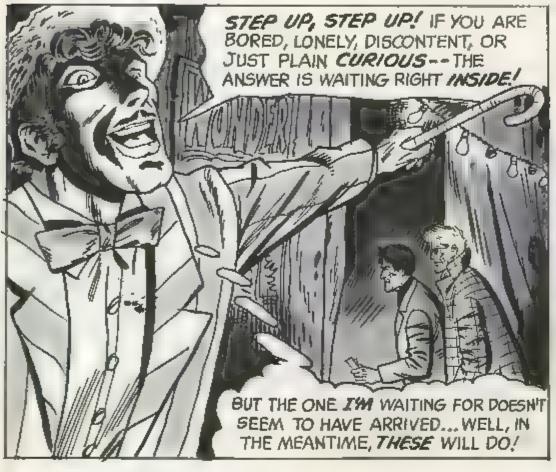








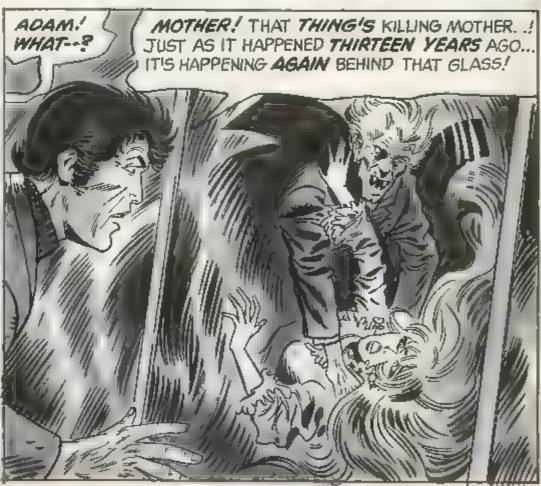




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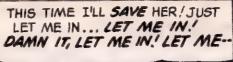




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I WON'T LET HIM DO IT! I'M NOT A TERRIFIED TWELVE YEAR OLD NOW ...THIS TIME I CAN HELP HER!









OUTSIDE, THE MIDWAY IS DESERTED, QUIET...
EXCEPT FOR THE MOCKING LAUGHTER OF THE MAN ASHTON ...



While within the house of Miracles, a man blind to its illusions, calls for his son ...







I WON'T LET HIM DO IT! I'M NOT A TERRIFIED TWELVE YEAR OLD NOW ... THIS TIME I CAN HELP HER!



THIS TIME I'LL SAVE HER! JUST LET ME IN... LET ME IN! DAMN IT, LET ME IN! LET ME-





OUTSIDE, THE MIDWAY IS DESERTED, QUIET...
EXCEPT FOR THE MOCKING LAUGHTER OF THE
MAN ASHTON...



WHILE WITHIN THE HOUSE OF MIRACLES, A MAN BLIND TO ITS ILLUSIONS, CALLS FOR HIS SON ...







714

COID

"IT WAS FIFTEEN YEARS AGO. I WAS A THIRD-RATE MAGICIAN IN A FIFTH-RATE CARNIVAL... THIS CARNIVAL. A CARNIVAL ON THE VERGE OF RUIN, WITH AN OWNER DESPERATE TO FIND ANY MEANS OF FORESTALLING IT..."

THE CRIMSON CHRONICLES.! ASHTON, REAL MAGIC CAN BACKFIRE! YOU'RE NOT THINKING OF --- WHEN YOU OWN A COPY OF THE HAND BOOK OF THE CULT OF CHAOS? A BOOK WHICH COULD GRANT YOU ANVTHING?!

CRINSON

"I BEGGED ASHTON TO USE CAUTION, BUT HE WAS GREEDY, OBSESSED! HE CALLED ON ASMODEUS, THE RIGHT HAND OF CHAOS, MOST POWERFUL OF THE DEMON SERVANTS... BUT WHEN THE INCANTATION WAS HALF-COMPLETE, WHEN THE DEMON'S PRESENCE WAS HALFWAY TO US FROM THE NETHER-VOID..."



"BUT EVEN HALF THE POWER OF ASMODEUS, NOW IN CONTROL OF ASHTON'S MIND AND BODY, WAS AWESOME BEYOND BELIEF! HE RIPPED THE FABRIC OF TIME, OF SPACE, HOLDING BACK THE MOMENT WHEN THE FLAMES WOULD DESTROY THE CARNIVAL!"



"AND I, NOT YET OFF THE GROUNDS WAS PARALYZED IN MY FLIGHT, SWEPT BACK INTO HIS CONTROL ...!"

"... CALLING ON THE POWERS OF CHAOS TO SAVE THE CARNIVAL! AND HE CONVINCED THE REST OF US WHO WORKED THERE, WHO DESPERATELY NEEDED THE JOBS IT PROVIDED, TO GO ALONG, TO COMMIT OURSELVES TO THE CULT..."



"I PANICKED! STRUCK OUT AT THE BOOK WITH THE ONLY THING IN MY HAND... A TORCH! I RAN SCREAMING IN TERROR, TRAILING FLAMES AFTER ME... THE TENT, THE SAWDUST WAS DRY, OLD... IT BECAME AN INSTANT INFERNO!"



"BUT BURNING THE BOOK VOIDED THE SPELL BEFORE ITS COMPLETION... ASMODEUS WAS TRAPPED HALFWAY INTO OUR WORLD!"

"THOUGH MUCH OF HIS POWER WAS COMMITTED TO HOLD-ING BACK THE FLAMES, HE USED STILL MORE TO MAINTAIN THE HOUSE OF MIRACLES... FOR HERE, WITH ITS ILLUSION OF THE ONE MOMENT IN EACH VIEWER'S LIFE HE MOST WANTS TO CHANGE.



"... HE TRICKS THEM INTO CROSSING A BARRIER INTO THE NETHER-VOID, WHERE THEIR SOULS WILL BE COLLECTED!"

T WAS FIFTEEN YEARS AGO. I WAS A THIRD-RATE MAGICIAN IN A FIFTH-RATE CARNIVAL ... THIS CARNIVAL. A CARNIVAL ON THE VERGE OF RUIN, WITH AN OWNER DESPERATE TO FIND ANY MEANS OF FORESTALLING IT ...

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TRICKS, PENDRAGON, WHEN YOU OWN A COPY OF THE HAND BOOK OF THE CULT **OF CHAOS?** A BOOK WHICH COULD GRANT YOU ANYTHING?!

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PENDRAGON! H-HE'S IN MY MIND ... USURPING MY WILL... ASMODEUS! MAKING ME CHANGE THE INCANTATION. FORCING ME TO SET HIM HELP ME, PENDRAGON HELP ME!

" BUT EVEN HALF THE POWER OF ASMODEUS, NOW IN CONTROL OF ASHTON'S MIND AND BODY, WAS AWESOME BEYOND BELIEF! HE RIPPED THE FABRIC OF TIME, OF SPACE, HOLDING BACK THE MOMENT WHEN THE FLAMES WOULD DESTROY THE CARNIVAL!"



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HE TRICKS THEM INTO CROSSING A BARRIER INTO THE NETHER-VOID, WHERE THEIR SOULS WILL BE COLLECTED!





HOURS, SHE WILL REVERT TO HAVING TO FEED ON THE BLOOD OF MEN --











\*UNLESS VAMPIRELLA TAKES THE SERUM EVERY 24 HOURS, SHE WILL REVERT TO HAVING TO FEED ON THE BLOOD OF MEN --







PAGE NO#17. 716



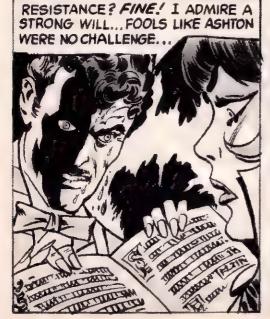




WHETHER YOU USE ITS INCANTA-



PAIN RADIATES OUT THROUGH EVERY NERVE ENDING: THE WORDS THAT WILL SEND ASMODEUS BACK TO THE NETHER-VOID, BLUR AND DANCE ON THE PAPER; NEW WORDS, TERRIBLE WORDS, THUNDER IN HER MIND TO BE SPOKEN INSTEAD... BUT VAMPIRELLA CONTINUES TO READ.







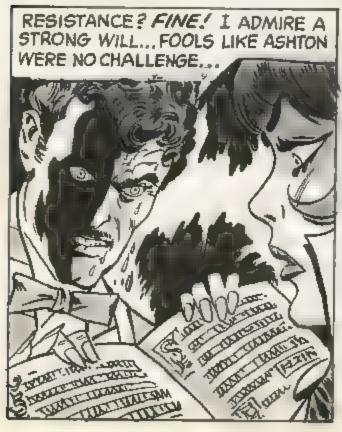








PAIN RADIATES OUT THROUGH EVERY NERVE ENDING: THE WORDS THAT WILL SEND ASMODEUS BACK TO THE NETHER-VOID, BLUR AND DANCE ON THE PAPER; NEW WORDS, TERRIBLE WORDS, THUNDER IN HER MIND TO BE SPOKEN INSTEAD...BUT VAMPIRELLA CONTINUES TO READ.







NAM E AY' LOFD

- P17

AND THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT...EVEN VAMPIRELLA'S STRONG, PROUD WILL MUST COLLAPSE BEFORE SUCH POWER, PERHAPS IN THE NEXT MOMENT. BUT IN THAT MOMENT, A WORD BURSTS HALTINGLY FROM HER PALE LIPS... THAT LAST WORD OF THE INCANTATION!



WITH A ROAR OF FLAMES AND THE BILLOW OF CHOKING BLACK SMOKE, THE THING THAT WAS ASHTON MELTS AND CHANGES... AND FOR ONE HORRIBLE INSTANT, VAMPIRELLA AND PENDRAGON LOOK UPON THE TRUE



THE INSTANT PASSES AND ASMODEUS VANISHES BACK INTO THE NETHER-VOID, AND AT THAT SAME INSTANT, IN



ADAM! THANK HEAVEN, MY BOY! I'M ALL RIGHT, I'D BEGUN TO BELIEVE THAT GLASS DAD! WHAT-EVER WAS WOULD NEVER SHATTER! COMING ARE YOU-URNED AWAY SUDDENLY .. MAYBE YOUR HAMMERING FRIGHTENED IT, OR --SMOKE! DAD, WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!



A NO THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT...EVEN VAMPIRELLA'S STRONG, PROUD WILL MUST COLLAPSE BEFORE SUCH POWER, PERHAPS IN THE NEXT MOMENT, BUT IN THAT MOMENT, A WORD BURSTS HALTINGLY FROM HER PALE LIPS... THAT LAST WORD OF THE INCANTATION!

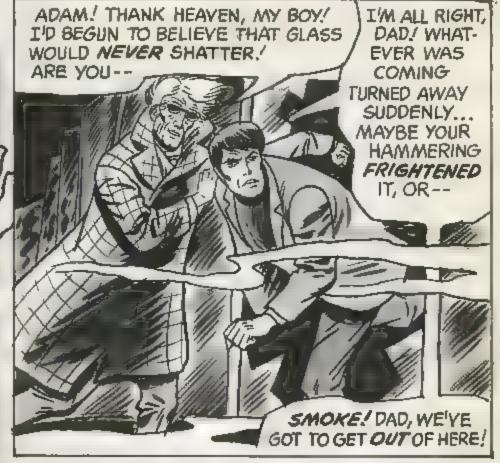


WITH A ROAR OF FLAMES AND THE BILLOW OF CHOKING BLACK SMOKE, THE THING THAT WAS ASHTON MELTS AND CHANGES... AND FOR ONE HORRIBLE INSTANT, VAMPIRELLA AND PENDRAGON LOOK UPON THE TRUE



THE INSTANT PASSES AND ASMODEUS VANISHES BACK INTO THE NETHER-YOLD, AND AT THAT **SAME** INSTANT, IN THE HOUSE OF MIRACLES...







VAMPEL OF COTO

3 % 5

SON ... EVERYTHING COLLAPSING, FALLING AROUND US ... CONFUSING MY SENSES, CAN'T REMEMBER



MY SHOULDER... I THINK WE CAN
LEAD YOU OUT!

THIS WAY! PUT YOUR HAND ON











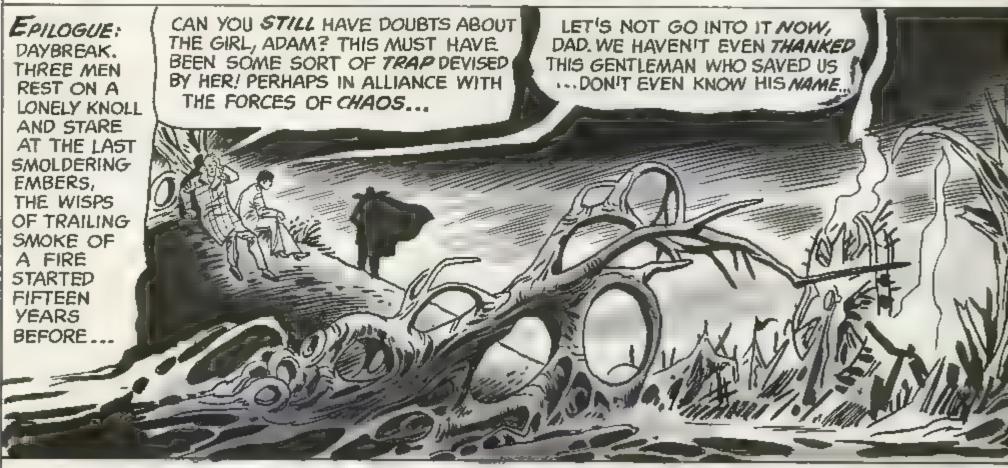
WHAT MANNER OF BAT TAKES WING IN THE DAWN LIGHT? THE OBVIOUS ANSWER MAKES ADAM VAN HELSING WONDER MORE AT THE UNEASY PATH OF VENGEANCE HE AND HIS FATHER TREAD... AND HOW HIS FEELING WILL AFFECT THEIR NEXT ENCOUNTER WITH THE GIRL CALLED... VAMPIRELLA! THE END

SON ... ! EVERYTHING COLLAPSING, FALLING AROUND US ... CONFUSING MY SENSES, CAN'T REMEMBER DIRECTION OUT!









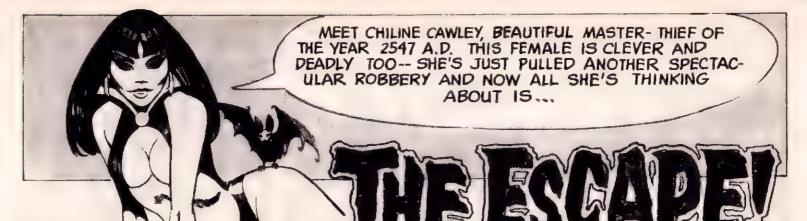






₩HAT MANNER OF BAT TAKES WING IN THE DAWN LIGHT? THE OBVIOUS ANSWER MAKES ADAM VAN HELSING WONDER MORE AT THE UNEASY PATH OF VENGEANCE HE AND HIS FATHER TREAD ... AND HOW HIS FEELING WILL AFFECT THEIR NEXT ENCOUNTER WITH THE GIRL CALLED ... VAMPIRELLA!

PAGE NO# 14, END



BEHIND HER, CHILINE COULD HEAR THE WAIL OF THE PURSUING POLICE-ROBS, AND SHE KNEW SHE'D HAVE TO ACT FAST...!

THEY'RE TRAILING ME BY THE PATTERN OF MY HEARTBEAT --BUT I HAVE SOMETHING TO TAKE CARE OF THAT!

CHILINE WITHDREW A SMALL MECHAN-ICAL DEVICE FROM HER HANDBAG AND STARTED IT TICKING, KNOWING IT'D SEND OUT A SONIC THROB LOUD ENOUGH TO CONFUSE THE POLICE-ROBS' ULTRA-SENSORS...



SHE TOOK THE ANTI-GRAV LIFT, RISING SLOWLY UP TO THE CITY'S SEVENTH LEVEL, AND CHUCKLING OVER HER LATEST CRIME...



CHILINE EMERGED ONTO THE SEVENTH LEVEL, THE CITY'S VAST BUSINESS DISTRICT, WHERE TIRED WORKERS WERE CROWDING THE LIFTS AND TERMINALS, HEADING HOME...



CALMLY, THE BEAUTIFUL FUGITIVE JOINED A LINE OF WORKERS, WAITING TO ENTER A SURBURB-LIFT...

JUST A FEW MORE MINUTES AND I'LL BE OUT OF THE CITY. THEN, IT'LL BE AN EASY MATTER TO--WHAT? OH NO, POLICE-ROBS!!



THERE - HAS - BEEN - ATHEFT - ON - LEVEL - ONE !
ALL - LIFTS - ARE - BEING CLOSED - UNTIL - SEARCHES ARE - COMPLETED, WE HAVE - A - VISUAL - PRINTOF - THE - CRIMINAL S FACE - FOR - IDENTIFICATION.





THE CHASE TOOK ON A NEW AND DANGEROUS TURN NOW...
THE POLICE-ROBS WERE ARMED WITH BLASTERS, AND AUTHORIZED TO USE THEM!





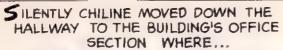










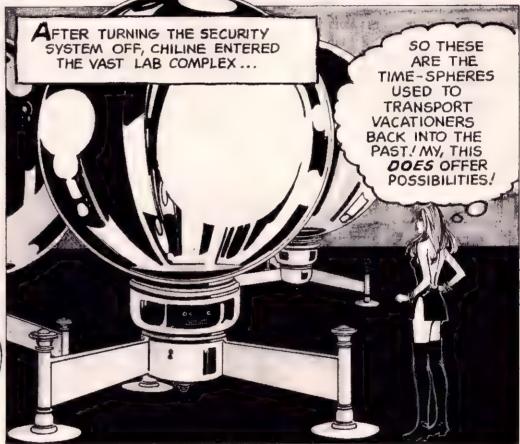




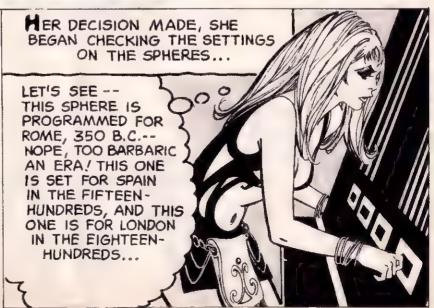
REACHING INTO HER BOOT, THE BEAUTIFUL CRIMINAL WITHDREW A SLENDER INSTRUMENT OF DEATH, AND...













QUICKLY THE BEAUTIFUL FUGITIVE TURNED ON THE AUTOMATIC CONTROLS AND ENTERED THE SPHERE...



HA HA! AN
ESCAPE INTO THE PAST-AND LET THE POLICE-ROBS
TRY TO FIND ME NOW!
CHILINE, MY GIRL, THIS
IS THE CROWNING TOUCH
TO YOUR GREATEST
CAPER!

THE SPHERE'S CONTROLS BEGAN A LOW THROB THAT RAPIDLY BUILT INTO AN EAR-POUNDING ROAR. CHRISTINE FELT HER BODY FLOATING, WITH TIME AND SPACE SOARING AROUND HER...









CHILINE WALKED
DOWN THE STREET,
ADMIRING THE QUAINT
HOUSES AND STATELY
OLD BROWNSTONES,
UNTIL...

AH--HERE'S ONE WITH A SIGN CUT. THIS SHOULD BE AS GOOD AS ANY FOR--EH? WHAT'S THAT?



THE AIR WAS SUDDENLY RENT WITH THE SHRILL OF POLICE WHISTLES, AND CHILINE HEARD THE SHOUTS OF EXCITED VOICES COMING TOWARDS HER...



FROM FORCE
OF HABIT, SHE
DUCKED INTO
THE SHADOWS
OF A NEARBY
ALLEY, THEN
REALIZED...



THIS IS
SILLY! WHAT
AM I HIDING
FOR? THE
POLICE OF THIS
ERA DON'T KNOW
ABOUT ME-THEY'RE AFTER
SOMEONE ELSE!

CHILINE SMILED, THANKFUL THAT HER DAYS OF FLEEING WERE OVER AT LAST. THEN, SUDDENLY, THERE WAS A MOVEMENT IN THE SHADOWS BEHIND HER, AND A POWERFUL HAND CLAMPED OVER HER MOUTH!



THE ATTACKER SPUN HER AROUND AND CHILINE'S EYES WIDENED IN HORROR AS SHE SAW THE MAN'S INSANE, BRUTISH FACE! FRANTICALLY SHE JERKED FREE AND TRIED TO RUN, BUT LIKE A CAT HE WAS AFTER HER, PULLING HER DOWN ...



THEN SHE SAW THE SILVER BLADE... A DEADLY MEDICAL INSTRUMENT... PLUNGING QUICKLY TOWARD HER CHEST... AND WITH SUDDEN HOPELESSNESS, CHILINE REALIZED THAT THE LONDON SHE'D CHOSEN TO ESCAPE TO WAS THE LONDON OF...







As darkness fell, thibron built himself a fire near the *Uncanny waters*, then listened as the maiden told a *Strange* TALE...









THIBRON PURSED HIS LIP THOUGHTFULLY AS HE CONSIDERED THE LITHE FIGURE HALF-HIDDEN BY THE STILL WATERS, HERE, MOST CERTAINLY, WAS A MAIDEN OF SINGULAR BEAUTY...





THIBRON KNELT OVER SINIS' STILL-TWITCHING BODY AND RIPPED A SMALL BAG FROM A CHAIN ABOUT THE GIANT'S CORDED NECK ... NOW! I HAVE ONE MYSTIC KEY! BUT TWO ARE REQUIRED IF THE POOL IS TO BE UNLOCKED BY MAGIC!



CURSED LUCK! THE

GRIFFIN HAS SEEN ME

ANOTHER DAY FOUND THIBRON WITHIN A THOUSAND FEET OF HIS GOAL, BUT THAT FEET WAS ...



BUT QUITE SUDDENLY,

THE GRIFFIN FELL, LIKE A
FEATHERED BOMB! THIBRON
LASHED OUT FROM BENEATH THE COVER OF HIS SHIELD BUT





I'M LOSING MY















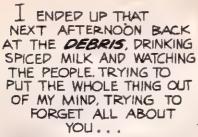
I WATCHED AS YOU SAT
DOWN WITH HIM AT A SMALL
INTIMATE TABLE, AND AS YOU
NERVOUSLY CROSSED YOUR LEGS
YOU HELD OUT A CIGARETTE
FOR HIM TO LIGHT, AND, FINALLY
YOU TWO JUST SAT AND
TALKED...

IT OBVIOUSLY HAD NOT BEEN YOUR IPEA TO ACCEPT THE DATE, BUT ONE OF YOUR GIRL FRIENDS HAD PROBABLY TALKED YOU INTO ACCEPTING, SAYING IT WOULD BE GOOD FOR YOUR CAREER.. HE WAS PROBABLY
TELLING YOU THAT HIS
WIFE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND HIM.
SOMETHING SUAVE LIKE THAT.
ANYWAY, IT WAS MAKING YOU
NERVOUS. YOU PON'T SEEM TO
KNOW EXACTLY WHAT TO DO..





















AFTER DAYS OF TRAVEL, STYR IS ABOUT TO COME UPON HER FIRST HUMAN SWELLINGS WHEN -







BUT "CHANCE" CONTINUES MANY A DRAMA.







FOR HOURS, STYR TOSSES IN A TROUBLED SLEEP BUT AT LAST THE FEVER LEAVES HER BRAIN AND SHE AWAKENS.

WHO? ... WHAT ? ... YOU'RE A MAN,



SURE AM AND PROUD OF IT, LASS. THE NAME IS SAMUEL. I'VE GOT SOME HARVESTING TO DO BUT I'LL BE BACK FOR SUPPER. THERE'S FOOD ON THE STOVE IF YOU'RE HUNGRY, OTHERWISE GET











































YOU MUST KILL ME AND USE MY BLOOD FOR A











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THE WERE-

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A MAD DOCTOR sets out to create the most fear-A MAD DOCTOR sets but to credit the most rear-some monster ever born. He winds up with a TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN combining a boy's body, a monster's mind, a creature's soul. Does the doc-tor live to regret his fiendish accomplishment? This gruesome movie, a real thriller, gives you the answer. 8mm, 200 feet, \$5.95. winds up



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in a nightmare of stark terror and violence the revived Monster threatens death and destruction to a panic-stricken community. Only \$5.95.



WOULDN'T YOU KNOW that only Boris WOULDN'T YOU KNOW that only Boris Karleft could be so horror-able as the original MUMMY! Back in 1932 he let the Hollywood studie "torture" him for hours, wrapping rotting gauze, spraying chemicals, baking it all with clay. Ne wonder Karloff was so wonderful as THE MUMMY... he felt so horrible he took it out an the film's victims. You'll feel just grand, though, as you watch his eerie performance. 8mm, 160 feet. \$5.75.



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DON'T EVER sneak into a Mummy's Tomb. If you do, you may be in for the same revenge as in this movie. A centuries-old mummy starts out to avenge the opening of his crypt in Egypt. How he does his dirty work, and the chills involved, make THE MUMMY'S TOMB a far-from-dreary, excitingly eerie film. 8mm, 200 feet, \$5.95.



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CAN THE GRAVE OPEN UP and give CAN THE GRAVE OPEN UP and give form its ghostly, ghastly secrets. It sure can, and in THE UNDEAD horror screams from the grave. In the dead of night an evil curse starts a chain of events. You'll sit on the edge of your chair as you walk with THE UNDEAD. 8mm, 200 feet, \$5 95.



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### $THEDEEP_{ ext{by Stephen Darner}}$

It was a dark day in Massachusetts and sailing boats were tied up at the shore and some were being taken out for a few hours by vacationers. There was a beach nearby but nobody was swimming that day. Except for a few who came later to swim since the day was also hot and humid.

A yacht was out a couple miles offshore and the young couple on it were just lazily stretched out on a couple of chairs. The few at the shore changed their mind and left.

Then it began.

All of a sudden the sky got darker than usual. The man lying in his chair on the yacht momentarily glanced outward at the horizon and

jumped up.

A ship of rotting timber slowly came over the horizon and a strange light shined around it. The ship itself looked like it was from over one hundred years ago and was as dead as dead could be. The ocean grew restless and green tongues were lapping hungrily at the vessel's side.

"My God what is it?" asked the man to his wife, who also was up and stirring. "It looks like something out

of the past."

"I don't have the slightest idea" she answered still gazing at. It came closer and they could distinctly see men on the death ship, or what appeared to be men. They were tall figures with blank

eyes and were slowly swaying back and forth. A huge reptillian creature was cutting through the sea to the ship's side. And a name could be seen on the rending wood, Fran.

The onlookers were transfixed until a huge swelling began in the water and a second leviathan rose from the depths twice as large as the first and the woman screamed as it devoured a couple of passing sailboats.

"Hall It's coming for us..." She was cut off as the creature splintered the yacht into driftwood and the people were thrown into the sea.

The man watched as his wife was engulfed by the hungry waves. But he wasn't too far off from the shore and could make it by swimming. The ship Fran remain motionless.

Water filled his mouth as he tried for the beach but couldn't make it. It felt like the water was holding him and pulling him down as if it was a living creature. The air was filled with noises like that of sirens and the water overcame him as he was swallowed as if by some great sea god.

great sea god.
Then the ship silently moved on . . .

END





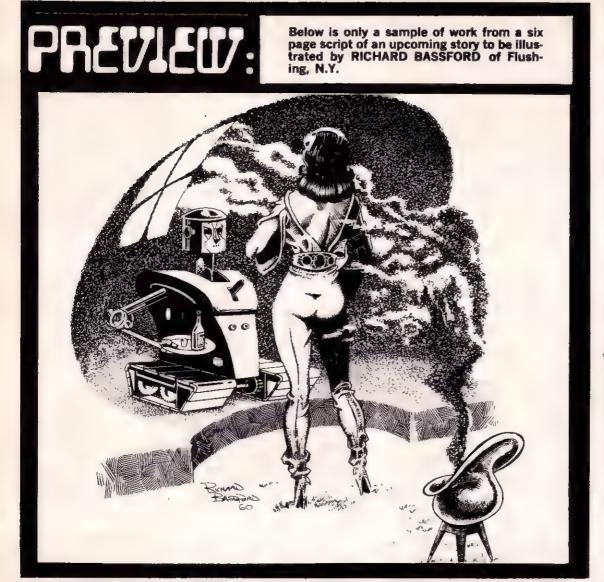
19 year old Dave Manak of Pottstown, Pa., quickly sketched a strange visitor to his "under-thehouse" cave which he sent to us for identification.



The above is a suggestion for a Vampi sew-on-patch emblem sent in by Anthony Kowalik of Harvey, III.



Pam Presnell, of Mineral Wells, Texas, sent in the above sketch of Vampi (or is it a sketch of Pam?).





The above is a well rendered sketch by Ed Romer who's sighting of this beautiful woman in his home town of Springfield, Mo., resembled our own Vampi.



Meanwhile, R. Charron of Quebec Canada was busy drawing a beautiful woman near the shore, when she suddenly changed to a bat and flew away.

# The Ellevator

in time to have it close in my face. As I stood cursing, the red light bulb of the end elevator went on. I moved down the row of pale brown doors and waited for mine to open. When it opened, I was more than a little surprised to see filling almost half the compartment a very fat dark brown woman, her legs woman, legs spread far apart by the thick row of fat on her thighs, stradling the operators stool. Her small dark eyes followed me as I stepped in. She was the only passenger. I'd worked in this building for the past two years and had never seen this operator, God she was ugly.

I reached the elevator just Oh well, nobodys perfect. The elevator stopped and the doors opened, revealing not the floor of my office, but the rough walls of a stone cavern. I turned to the woman, who was watching me, hoping for an explanation. With some difficulty she slid off the stool and wadled down the tunnel, with myself following close behind. She led me to a gold finely carved chariot with two black stallions. The front of the chariot came to her shoulders as she stepped on and took the reins and whip in hand, I was completely confused now, my sense of reality had nothing to cling When she turned and

looked at me with a strange grin on her toad like face, the only thing I could do was to step aboard. Once in the chariot two woman took on a complete personality change, with a terrifying scream she viciously lashed the horses and we were off like a shot, charging thru the cavern at breakneck speed. The cavern walls grew darker and indistinct and it felt as if we were flying as the chariot raced faster and faster. As darkness surrounded us, the feeling of flight became stronger. Thru this darkness I could make out pin points of light. Stars, they were stars. We were traveling thru some night sky. The orbs ahead of us grew larger, soon passing by as we fell further into the star studded blackness. Suddenly, with surprising strength the fat woman turned, grabbed

me violently and flung me from the chariot into the abyss of eternity we traveled thru. I felt myself falling thru the blackness, lonely, nothing blackness. The feeling of fall-ing slowly blended to a floating, losing all my body sensations. I could not move, feel, or see any part of my body. It was as if I had suddenly become paralized and blind all at once, I panicked, I wanted to scream, but there was nothing. Far off I noticed points of color, red and blue. As they came closer I noticed they were shaped very much like red and blue snowflakes, very intricate in design. tried so hard to communicate, to come close. In the terrible loneliness that suddenly over-whelmed me I realized I could only drift like a dead leaf in a gentle breeze, thru the blackness of eternity.

WE BELIEVE IN GIVING NEW (AND AS YET UNDISCOVERED) TALENT A CHANCE! CONTRIBUTIONS OF ARTWORK, STORIES, POEMS, ETC., ARE INVITED. HOWEVER, A STAMPED SELF ADDRESSED ENVELOPE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL MATERIAL IF YOU WANT IT RETURNED. OTHERWISE, NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ACCEPTED BY THE PUBLISHER FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIAL. MUCH AS WE'D LIKE TO.



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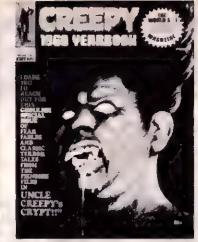










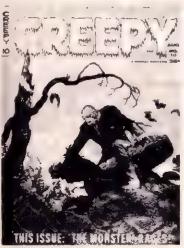




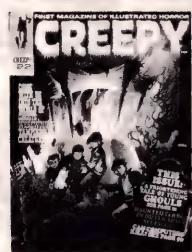




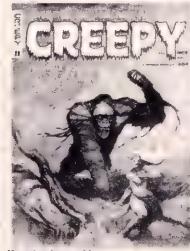


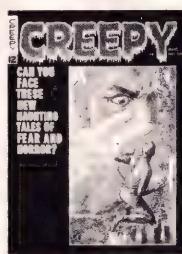






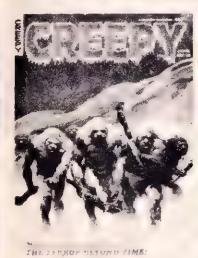
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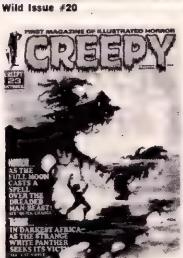






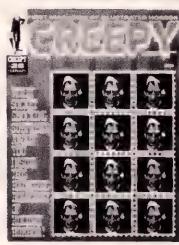


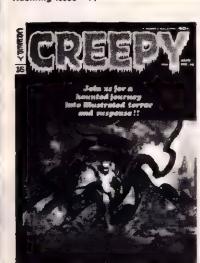
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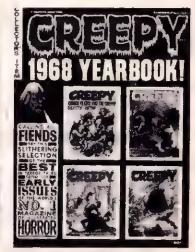




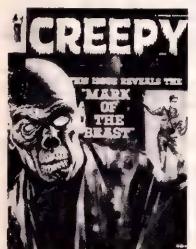
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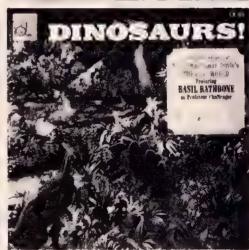














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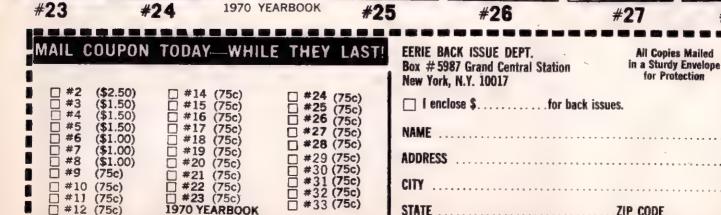
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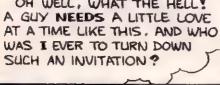


















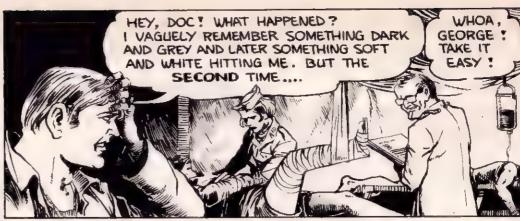


AN INVITATION .... TO LOVE? AN OLD, FAR EASTERN ADAGE GOES : " NEVER TRUST A WOMAN OF SWEET WORDS FOR SHE SPEAKS WITH A FORKED-TONGUE." ENCOILED BY THE CREATURE'S WONDROUS SNAKEDNESS, GEORGE SAINT WAS TOO STUPIFIED TO SEE WHAT HAPPEN-ED. AN INSTANT, LACTESCENT METAMORPHOSIS, AND ANOTHER MORTAR SHELL EXPLODED ON GEORGE'S LIPS, THIS ONE BLINDING WHITE AND CARNAL.



A KISS, A DREAM.... A DREAM, A KISS... PFC GEORGE SAINT FOUGHT OFF HIS MORNING HEAD-ACHE FANGS AND FOUND HIMSELF IN THE MEDICS TENT.









I CAN'T REMEMBER EXACTLY WHAT, BUT
SOMETHING STRANGE
HAPPENED. THIS CONTRY
ISN'T WHAT IT
APPEARS TO BE.
I'VE GOTTA GO BACK
INTO THESE HILLS AND
FIND OUT WHAT IT IS.











OH YES, WE ARE DEAT,

VERY DEAD. AND YOU DID KILL US,

MR. SAINT, BECAUSE OF THAT GIRL,

THAT BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

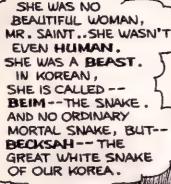
THINK BACK ON THAT NIGHT.

DON'T YOU REMEMBER ANYTHING

UNUSUAL ABOUT IT, ABOUT HER.

MAYBE HOW SHE KISSED YOU?

HEH! HEH! HEH!



BECKSAH IS A MOST WONDROUS CREATURE BECAUSE AT THE VERY MOMENT SHE BECOMES ONE THOUSAND-YEARS OLD, SHE META-MORPHIZES INTO --YONG -- THE DRAGON. BUT UNTIL THAT MAGIC MOMENT, BECKSAH POSSESSES MANY GREAT POWERS, AMONG THEM BEING THAT HER SPIRIT CAN TAKE ANY FORM, ANY SHAPE, AND ENTICE ANY FOOL

SUCH AS YOU .



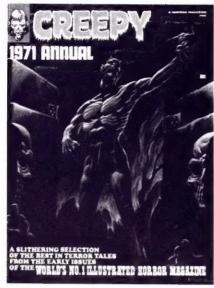
AND, MOST IMPORTANT,
MOST IMPORTANT TO US, SHE
CAN, DURING HER 999 TH
SOLAR ORBIT, CURE MEN OF
A DREADED DISEASE. LOOK
AT US, MR. SAINT. SEE
THIS ROTTING SKIN. SEE
THESE BONES STICKING OUT
THROUGH THE DECAYING
FLESH. THIS IS—NAHBYUNG—
LEPROSY. AND BECKSAH
PREPARED COULD HAVE
HEALED US OF THIS TER—
IBLE AFFLICATION.







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